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THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1913.

The Seventeenth Amendment.

It is coming, sweeping its way to-
ward approval through the States, and
before long the seventeenth amendment
to the Constitution of the United
States will be enrolled.
No more progressive movement has
been undertaken in these latter days of
progression and advancement of the
rights of the people—the election of
United States Senators by the people,
by majority rule in the States, and
not by cliques and cabals in State Leg-
islatures.

No more the deadlock, no more the
“jackpot,” no more the purchase of
sufficient votes to secure election.

No candidate can bribe his way into
the United States Senate when all the
people have their say. The fact that a
Senator bears the certificate of election
under the vote of the people will be
prima facie evidence that he was
honorably elected and entitled to his
seat in the Upper House.

Tennessee ratified the amendment on
Tuesday, Pennsylvania gave its ap-
proval yesterday, and Connecticut
promises certain action two weeks
hence, and if it does the “Wooden
Nutmeg State” will write the amend-
ment in the Constitution.

The handwriting has been on the
wall these many years; it has been
earnestly hoped for by honest men for
many decades—a chance for the people
to elect, regardless of pull, of wealth,
or bosses. The people are coming to
their own in the good year, 1913.

It is slow work amending the Con-
stitution, with its immense big seal,
yet twice within the year 1913 amend-
ments will be enrolled, the sixteenth
amendment or income tax authority to
Congress is on the document, the elec-
tion of Senators by popular vote is
in sight, and it will be the long-looked-
for seventeenth.

Ladies! Ladies!

Without being so ungallant as to
subscribe to the sentiment that has
gone down in the chronicles of mascu-
line cynicism, “where there is women
there is trouble” it may well be won-
dered at that some of our strong-
minded sisters have failed to grasp the
fact that Washington society is no
longer necessarily subdivided into two
opposing political camps.

In the sacred interest of harmony,
it may be suggested that the policy of
the present administration is essen-
tially liberal, and that there is no more
reason why “Democratic ladies” should
expect to be given the preference over
their Republican sisters at a compli-
mentary breakfast a la Fourchette,
than that professional Democratic men
should look to machine-made rewards of
that “loyalty” which implies a lively
sense of favors to come.

This is the eminently progressive age
and if all men are equal, why not then
all women wherever they may be, and
really, ladies, the day is past when
little boys belonging to Democratic
families pounded other little boys of
a “Black Republican” flock over the
head with a stone because they hap-
pened to be the offspring of Republi-
can parents. Live and let-eat-to-
gether.

The ex-President Attitude.

There is something more or less in-
explicable to the fair-minded person in
the attitude often assumed by certain
classes of our community toward the
incumbent of the great office of our
Chief Magistrate, once he steps down
from the pedestal of the White House
to the comparative obscurity of a less
exalted position. Like “the absent”
in the French proverb, the more or less
lamed duck is “always wrong”; it ex-
pects every atom of a man's faith in
humanity to pass undisturbed through
the ordeal of finding out that the hom-
age paid him by a certain class of pro-
fessional courtiers was due, not to his
own individuality, but to the power he
temporarily exercised.
That the ex-official should be pre-
pared for a mere, attitude on the
part of a certain section of the
general public is only natural, but
when it comes to open disparagement,
or even insult, it would seem to be
quite time, in the interests of justice
and fair play, to enter a protest.

Ex-President Taft exercised the
gentle art of making friends to a de-
gree that may render him exempt from
the censure and ridicule that have been
visited on his immediate predecessor,

but even he has not been spared either
disparagement or caricature. One of
the forms that this spirit of disrespect
takes is cheap witicism in a certain or-
der of theatrical performances; even
during Mr. Taft's occupancy of the
White House a “low” comedian—and
the adjective is used advisedly—once
brought out a storm of hisses in a
leading Washington theater by his
disrespectful, facetious allusion to the
President, who sat in a stage box. It
is certainly quite time that our au-
diences should be spared further im-
pertinent allusions to Theodore Roosevelt.

Muckraker in Everybody's.

The persistent attacks upon the
Reclamation Service, of which the
leading story in the current issue of
Everybody's Magazine is the latest ex-
ample, are so full of misrepresenta-
tions of the grossest nature that they
may reasonably be ascribed to persons
whose private interests clash with
those of the general public. The Re-
clamation Service is better employed in
sticking to its own big job than in
answering such attacks.

As to the Roosevelt Dam and the
Salt River Valley, the water users
would, of course, be better off if the
works cost \$3,000,000, than if they
have to pay \$10,000,000, but judging
from Arizona publications it seems
that the people down there are pretty
well satisfied that they have a nice
little valley with water costing about
one-fifteenth as much as a good deal
of irrigating water in California and
land values up in some cases a matter
of 2,000 per cent.

Information from the columns of
the Arizona Republican would indicate
that the author of the story in Every-
body's is not highly thought of in those
parts, and we believe that paper to be
not only a good representative of pub-
lic opinion in Arizona, but also not
inclined to slop over with friendliness
to the Reclamation Service.

The Michigan Muddle and the Pro-
gressives.

The Progressive party is planning to
make its entrance into the politics of
the extra session of Congress a pretty
lively one, if present indications do
not mislead. As soon as the next
House is called to order by Speaker
Clark they mean to start their fight
for the unseating of Representative H.
Olin Young, of Michigan, on the claim
that he holds the office that belongs
rightfully to William J. MacDonald, of
Calumet, Mich.

This case may be destined to become
a celebrated one. The national Pro-
gressive party of Michigan originally
nominated in the Twelfth Congress-
ional District Joseph M. Rogers as
their candidate for the last election.
He declined the honor and in his place
Mr. MacDonald was named. Accord-
ingly, the county clerks of the district
proceeded to have MacDonald's name
printed on the ballot in the place of
that of Rogers. Later on the State
Progressive committee sent also no-
tices to the same clerks, but they
spelled the name MacDonald instead of
MacDonald (without the “a”).

Discovering the error the secretary
of the State committee sent a telegram
to each county clerk, “Congressman
Twelfth District should be spelled
William J. MacDonald.” That was
the way the message read when it
was received in thirteen counties. But,
according to the clerk of Ontonagon
County, who knew MacDonald well,
the telegraph operator had made the
mistake of inserting the name “Shel-
don” before the “William J.” of Mac-
Donald's name. And so MacDonald's
name appeared on the ballot of Onto-
nagon County.

MacDonald, the Progressive candi-
date, led Young, the Republican candi-
date, by 243 votes. The matter was
considered settled. But a few days
later, while attending the Bull Moose
meeting at Chicago, he was handed a
telegram announcing that the election
had been given to H. Olin Young.
Hence the coming fight planned by the
Progressives in the House to have
their man seated.

It is understood that the Secretary of
State, William Jennings Bryan, has de-
posit accounts with four Washington
banks. He has made no specification, so
far as can be learned, that his checks
are to be paid in silver.

All England has its eyes on “Schedule
K.” Verily, free access to American
markets would be a boon to our English
cousins.

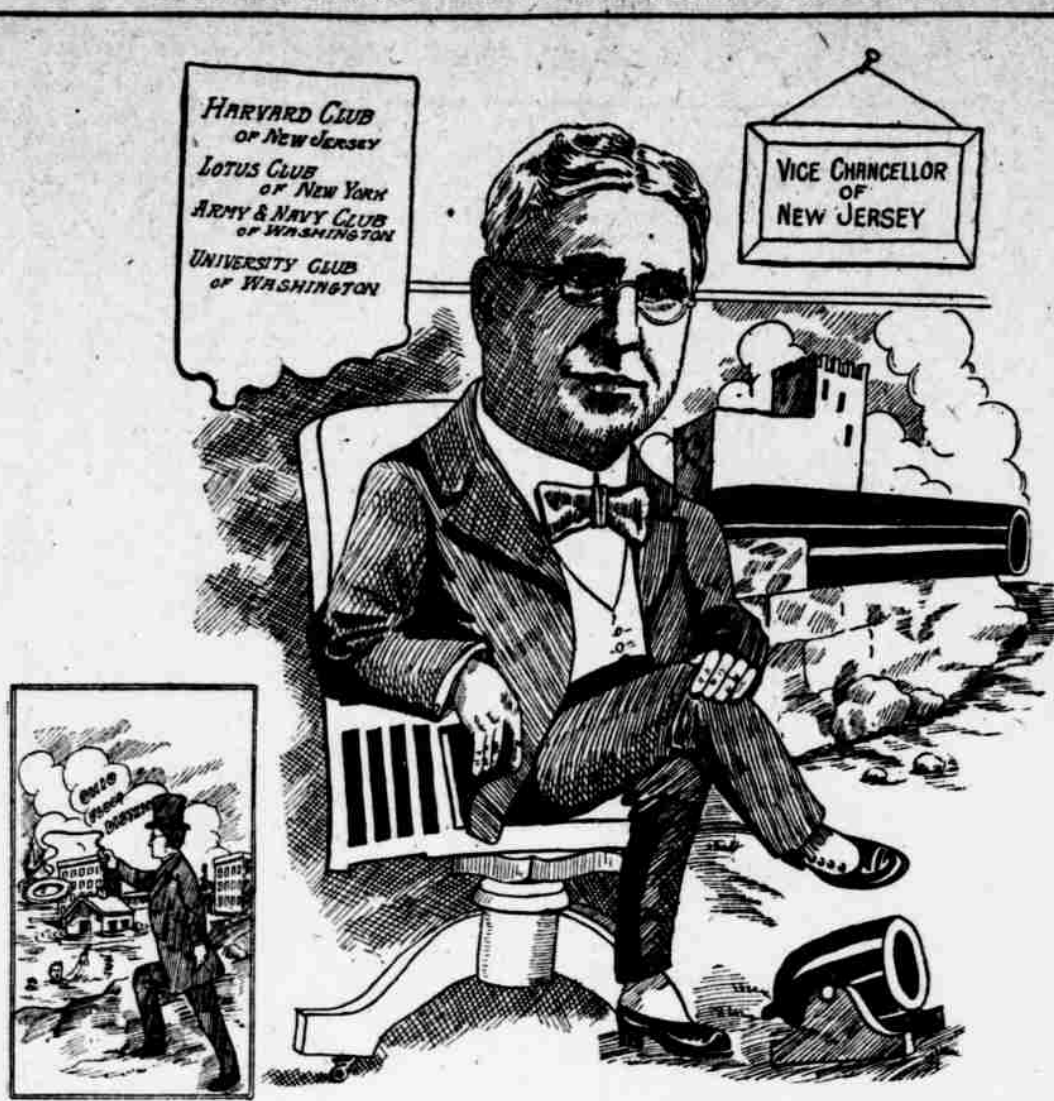
If Mr. McCombs had been as long
making an important movement in the
conduct of the campaign of 1912 as he
was in making up his mind on the ap-
pointment of the proffer of the ap-
pointment as Ambassador to France Mr. Wil-
son might still be Governor of New
Jersey.

Will the farmers of the Northwest
make as strong a fight on the free-food
tariff bill as they did on Canadian recip-
rocity? Free butter, free breadstuffs,
free meats, &c. They are sure to howl.
With the farmers so used to being pro-
tected, the tariff is certainly a local
“issue.”

The Woman's View of It.

From Judge.
He-A woman's hand is all right to
spank a baby with, but she should keep
it off the ballot box.
She (altruist)-Oh, I don't know. It
seems to me that if the women could
spank the ballot box as they spank the
babies, we would have very much better
politics everywhere.

NATION'S MEN OF AFFAIRS IN CARTOON



LINDLEY M. GARRISON,
Secretary of War.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A CITY GARDEN.
My ample needs in garden seeds
Now occupy my mind.
I simply want to go and plant
A peck of every kind.

The pumpkin vine, I think is fine.
To yams I also lean.
I fairly love the fine points of
The onion and the bean.

The marrowfat must grace my plate.
I want the squash and leek.
For early roots and thrifty shoots
Assiduously I seek.

I want the plantain and the prune,
The radish and the beet.
But how can I plant all this in
A plot of ten square feet?

Every Attention.
Next time the suffragists parade in
Washington the patrolmen will put down
carpets and strew flowers, while the
captains of police will serve tea at every
prominent corner along the line of march.

Always Something.
“Well, we needn't despair after all.”
“How now?”
“Just as this shortage in chorus girls
was announced, these blond Eskimos
were discovered.”

Hiking Home.
He had telegraphed his wife for
money.
“I shall count the hours until I see
you,” he wound up, with a touch of
pathos.

“Also the ties,” she briefly wired back.

Her First Pic.
“This pie's a poem,” murmured she.
“I cannot eat it,” answered he,
“And you ought not to ask it.”
You see the crust I cannot cut;
The pie may be a poem, but
I'm really no waste-basket.

Brief Warfare.
“Many famous battles have been short.
The battle of San Jacinto lasted only
twelve minutes. The main action at New
Orleans was fought in twenty minutes.”
“That's nothing,” said the man from
Mexico. “I once fought through an en-
tire revolution that only lasted two
hours.”

The Only Place.
“Pa, what is Utopia?”
“That's the place where they are not
kicking about the high cost of living.”

Maybe Not So Final.
“What's the matter?”
“She has rejected me again. She says
this is final.”
“Did she say how final?” inquired the
older and more experienced man.

GREEKS AT FUNERAL
SERVICES FOR RULER

Members of the Legation and Russian
Ambassador and Wife Go to
Baltimore.

Alexandre C. Voures, charge d'affaires
of the Greek Legation, and members of
his staff observed services in memory of
the late King George of Greece, at the
Greek Orthodox Church, Homewood Ave-
nue and Chase Street, Baltimore, yester-
day afternoon. These services were held
coincident with the burial of the King at
Athens.
The ceremonies began at 11 a. m., and
closed with solemn high mass of requiem
which was celebrated at noon. The im-
pressive services were conducted by
Father Parthenios Rodopoulos, of Bal-
timore, and Father Joakim Alexopoulos,
of Washington. The mass was followed
by a eulogy of the dead, in accordance
with the custom of the Greek Church.
The party from Washington consisted
of the Russian Ambassador and Mme.
Bakmeteff, the Greek charge d'affaires,
Capt. Tsoukalas, in America on a special
mission; Soterios Nicholson, counsel to
the Greek Legation, and several promi-
nent Greeks of the city. The Italian con-
sul at Baltimore was also in attendance.
A large, specially constructed coffin
stood before the altar as a symbol of
the occasion. It was heavily banked with
flowers and ferns, and Grecian flags were
drawn across it. The interior of the
church was draped with symbols of
mourning. The party of diplomats occu-
pied seats directly before the coffin. Sev-
eral hundred mourners were present.
The services held in Baltimore were re-
peated all over the world, wherever
Greek communities are settled.

UNDERWRITERS TO MEET.

District Board Will Install Officers
and Meet Out-of-town Guests.

The first annual installation of officers
of the District of Columbia Board of
Casualty Underwriters will be held in
the oak room of the Raleigh Thursday
evening, April 3.
President Holcomb G. Johnson, of the
National Association of Accident Under-
writers and the first president of the
local association, will introduce the offi-
cers-elect and out-of-town guests.
A miscellaneous programme will be
rendered by the Shubert Quartet of
mixed voices—Miss Marguerite Wheatley
Field, Mrs. Vivian Church Matson, Ar-
thur Butler Pierce, and Tony Callio.

Lawrence Assassins Sought.
The State Department has instructed
Ambassador Wilson, at Mexico City, to
ask the Mexican government to bring to
justice those responsible for the killing
of Albert H. Lawrence, an American,
who was shot down by one or more of
his employees in Vera Cruz on the night
of March 31.

ECONOMY

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of “At Good Old Slivash.”

Economy is the art of stretching dol-
lars and magnifying pennies.
Without economy a dollar will only
buy a proud nod from a waiter or a
ten-minute rest in a taxicab. With the
help of economy a dollar will buy a
week's board for one year's street
car fare, or ten years' neckties.

Economy can stretch out a dollar so
thin that you can see through the eagle.
It will then be so extensive that it will
take its owner a week to spend it.
When a man has achieved true econ-
omy it takes him so long to spend a
dollar that he has earned five more in
the meantime, and has lost all hopes of
catching up.

Many a man who has several thou-
sand dollars waiting patiently to be
spent, is putting his whole soul into an
effort to get one more coffee berry or
three more prunes for a nickel. The re-
sult is he usually dies more of his
dollars still hanging around the prem-
ises.

Such men are regarded with great pity
by the young man who has just gotten
his next week's supply of dollars from
the boss and is riotously blowing them
in on a new necktie, two theater tickets,
and a rubber-tired car.
Economy keeps a man wearing last
winter's overcoat permanently and sit-
ting coal out of the ashes for amusement.
But when regarded as a game it is
great fun. No one is happier than the
man who has herded a thousand dollars
through the year and has let only 500
of them escape.
Economy is the cause of most of our
millionsaires and the salvation of most
of our marriages. Economy is the back-

bone of savings banks, the protector of
the four bin, and the chief foe of the
automobile salesman. Economy fills the
land with contented loafers of seventy
years and over, but it hasn't a thing to
do with the discontented loafers of twen-
ty-five.



“Keeps a man sitting coal out of the ashes for
amusement.”
Many a young lady who has spoken
scornfully of the economical young man
who takes his girl to the nickelodeon
and treats her at the penny peanut ma-
chine afterward has married a handsome
plutocrat with a \$20 salary and has tak-
en soapy lessons in economy over the
wash tub slightly later in life.
(Copyright, 1913, by George Mather Adams.)

WHAT BOOTS IT!

(The “practical” people are beginning to ques-
tion the value of Capt. Scott's achievement, inas-
much as he gave his life to attain it.)

Heaven and pity, now, so men of hearty strain,
The mighty present listens, full of manly fear,
To this the final mandate of the timid town.
This whispering commotion's innocent.
These mannikins of manners wonder-wonder why
Reckless men will lay down all their gains to
yield.

Their losses to good nature's store—for other
Men, they cannot see the profit in such pain:
They fail to note where ought may multiply or add
By sacrifice. In trenchant Christianity
They early learn to slip that none may find his life
Till it be lost. But all their kindergartens, soft
And tender whispering philosophy may not
In truth accomplish understanding of the lift.
The strong upsurging throbs, that drive the headlong
thrust.

Against the wall of nature's stern tipped silence
toward
Her questioning. They take their refuge in the
smile
That tells of Don Quixote, for they never know
How fine the mills of the gods may grind.

How long shall live
Till they realize how small a thing
Success is! And how many nations must be born
To live and die—how many kinds of people must
Have been—before we recognize the goal is not
The race. The fruit is not the tree or the lot
The would
Have shrunk to ashes in the glare of Old Gol-
duba's
Shame. Nor ever God or man has said that “It
is good.” But “be ye never weary well in doing.”
This was doctrine to overcome their shields of self
And start them to the stretching for a logic still
Whereon to rest their elbow of desire for super
Manhood. Scarcely perceived that rest was death.

We know why summer sails the spring on East-
er's knees.
We know why winter listens at the gate ajar
Of far-flung autumn: yes, we know it is the way
Of time's progressive easter, eternal urge
Of discontent and yearning for fields new to till.

The good earth yields no better blooms than these
real men
Who ask no customary usage for their staves,
Who use no slaves of other lips to strengthen them.
But build their music from the primal energy
That stirs them into giantlike of leaping notes
To speak to nature in her good instinctive tongue.
To their straight, yearning for fields new to till
And all
Its snowflakes and its icebergs, all its rainy drops
And oases, all its grains of sand and mountains,
And
Its sunshine and its lightning, all its colors, gray
And vivid, all its length and breadth and thick-
ness, are
But so much raw material inherited from Father,
And the leaping of the ages stands their sponsors
While they marshal all the universe to serve.

They pick, they choose, they cherish, and they
sick, they
Howe'er they may grow they seem the same, their
path
Is to eternity's onward, infinity
Speaks in them and we hear within their words
Of the echoes
Helpless of our agonizing longings to be free
As they.

And are, the rub is there. We long; they do.
As alchemists of honor, theirs the duty is
To show us how to live, and never death may
be
Aught of their value from them, never chance
may strip
The load of any laurel from their proper brows.
Bury, grieve, and all uncharity must pass.
But bravely these men have lived alone, as gods,
And standing on the titling floor of life have
taught.

To how to raise our hands above our swirling heads
And lay them firmly on the brink of sure power.
An attitude, vital, that crowns us in their deed
As full partners in the cosmic enterprise.
March 10, 1913. DAVID STUART WATERS.

ACADEMY GETS TABLET.

Memorial in Recognition of Boxer
Uprising Victims to Annapolis.

The Navy Department has decided to
remove from the old cruiser Newark the
bronze memorial tablet placed there in
recognition of the gallantry of the com-
munications, seamen and marines killed or
wounded during the Chinese Boxer upris-
ing in 1900.
The tablet will be placed on exhibition
in the Naval Academy Museum at An-
napolis. The tablet was placed on board
the Newark by the late Admiral Bowman
H. McCalla, commanding officer of the
American naval forces in China.

Baptist Convention Call.

A call has been issued by Rev. Simon
P. W. Drew for a meeting of all the
committees appointed to arrange for the
New England Baptist missionary con-
vention to be held in Cosmopolitan Bat-
tist Church from June 12 to 15. This as-
sociation is said to represent 2,500,000 ne-
groes.

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A
SHROUD!

You must leave your money millions,
And the gay and festive crowd;
Though you roll in royal billions,
There's no pocket in a shroud!
Whether pauper, prince, or peasant,
Whether young or old or proud,
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud!
You'll have all this world of glory,
And a record long and loud,
And a name in fame and glory,
But no pocket in your shroud!
So, be generous with your riches,
Neither vain nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden riches
In a class without a shroud.
JOHN A. JOYCE.

TOO LATE

How often have we heard people say, “If I had to do
it over again I would do it differently.” Useless regrets,
knowledge acquired too late. This is what they say to
us when they see 400 plans of cottages at our office and
find they could have saved \$400 to \$500 when they
built their little homes.

The Frank Libbey
Lumber & Mill Work Co.
Sixth Street and New York Avenue

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT TELLS
THE INTIMATE STORY OF HIS LIFE

Former Soldier, President, and Party-maker Writes “Chap-
ters of a Possible Autobiography”—A Personal
Account of Himself.

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Fifth Installment.

My own children, when very small, by
the way, enjoyed one pleasure I do not
remember enjoying myself. When I came
back from riding, the child who brought
the bootjack would itself promptly get
into the boots, and clump up and down
the room with a delightful feeling of
kinship with Jack of the seven-league
strides.
The punishing incident I have referred
to happened when I was four years old.
I bit my elder sister's arm. I do not re-
member biting her arm, but I do remem-
ber running down to the yard, perfectly
conscious that I had committed a crime.

promised between informing and her con-
science by casting a look under the table.
My father immediately darted for
me under the table. I feebly heaved the
table, but, and, having the advan-
tage of him because I could stand up un-
der the table, got a fair start for the
stairs, but was caught half way up them.
The punishment that ensued fitted the
crime, and I hope—and believe—that it
did me good.

I never knew any one who got greater
joy out of living than did my father, or
any one who more wholeheartedly per-
formed every duty; and no one whom
I have ever met approached his combina-
tion of enjoyment of life and perfor-
mance of duty.

He worked hard at his business, for he
died when he was forty-six, too early to
have retired. He was interested in every
social reform movement, and he did an
immense amount of practical charitable
work himself. He was a big, powerful
man, with a lionine face, and his heart
filled with gentleness for those who need-
ed help or protection, and with the pos-
sibility of much wrath against a bully or
an oppressor. He was very fond of riding
both on the road and across the country,
and was also a great whistler. He usually
drove a four-in-hand, or else a spike
team; that is a pair with a third horse in
the lead. I do not suppose that such a
team exists now. The trap that he drove
we always called “the big phaeton.” The
wheels turned under in front. I have it
yet. He drove long-tailed horses, har-
nessed loose in light American harness, so
that the whole rig had no possible re-
semblance to anything that would be seen
now.

My father always excelled in improving
every spare half hour or three-quarters
of an hour, whether for work or enjoy-
ment. Much of his four-in-hand driving
was done in the summer afternoons when
he would come out on the train from his
business in New York. My mother and
one or perhaps two of our children might
meet him at the station. I can see him
now getting out of the car in his linen
duster, jumping into the wagon, and in-
stantly driving off at a rattling pace, the
duster sometimes bagging like a balloon.
The four-in-hand, as can be gathered
from the above description, did not in
any way in his eyes represent possible
pageantry. He drove it because he liked
it. He was a serious preacher, but he
loved his boys, but in this respect he did not
practice his preaching overmuch him-
self; and, being an excellent whistler, he liked
to take chances. Generally they came out
all right. Occasionally they did not; but
he was even better at getting out of a
scrape than into it.



“My ‘Uncle Jimmy’ Bullock was
a dear old sea captain—a veritable
Col. Newcome.”

From the yard I went into the kitchen,
got some dough from the cook, and
crawled under the kitchen table. In a
minute or two my father entered from
the yard and asked where I was. The
warm-hearted Irish cook had a charac-
teristic contempt for “informers,” but
although she said nothing, she com-

Theodore Roosevelt
STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

By FRED C. KELLY

Vice President Marshall has his sys-
tem saturated with funny little old-fash-
ioned superstitions. One of these is
that it is bad luck to leave a building
entered by the door through which one first
entered it.

When he became Governor of Indiana
Marshall happened to go into the capital
through a door on the east side of the
building. Throughout the whole time he
was governor the never once failed to
leave the building by that same door.
And nothing could shake him from his
method.

A friend of Marshall, who happened
now and told him he had something im-
portant to show him outside of the build-
ing, with another friend one day that he
couldn't get the Governor out of the
building except through the one door.

The thing looked so absurdly easy that
the man was almost ashamed to enter
into such a bet, and would not have done
so if he hadn't felt that he needed a new
hat.

He walked casually over to the Govern-
or and told him he had something im-
portant to show him outside of the build-
ing.

“There's a wall over here crumbling
and fixing to tumble down,” he said;
“our Indiana limestone doesn't seem to
be all it's cracked up to be.”
Gov. Marshall consented to go and
went to get his hat, while the man stood
looking over the case with which he
was about to win his wager. He took
the Governor by the arm to steer him in
the right direction and set out down the
corridor with high hopes.

Marshall kept edging toward the east,
with a dotted line running from his eyes
to a certain door.
“The wall I want to show you is over
here on the west,” explained the
man, tugging him by the arm gently.
“We'll go out this way and walk
around,” said Marshall, in a firm tone
that barred further yanking at his arm.
And the intrepid friend had to buy a \$5
hat.

Since he has been Vice President, Mar-
shall has been entering the Capitol from
the carriage door on the ground level at
the Senate wing, except when he goes in
through the subway from the Senate of-
fice building—and he enters that building
always through a side door. It is reason-
ably safe to predict that he will keep
right on using those same entrances.

Seeing the new moon over his right
shoulder—or his left shoulder, whichever
way it is that brings good luck—is an-
other superstition that the Vice Presi-
dent allows himself. When he thinks it
is nearly time for the new moon to be
along he consults an almanac, and

makes a mental note of the moon time
table. Friends of his say they have often
seen him walking along sideways late
in the afternoon, ready to get his first
glimpse of the moon from just the right
angle.

“My methods go no one any harm,”
Marshall explained one day, “and they do
me a lot of good.”

Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkan-
sas, who was Congressman, Governor,
and United States Senator-elect, all with-
in a couple of weeks, has an ungratified
ambition that he is half ashamed of. He
yearns to play polo.

Champ Clark, besides being Speaker,
acts as a sort of father confessor to the
members of the House—Republicans and
Democrats alike.

He has more secrets dumped into his
ear every day, when the House is in
session, than the average priest.

And, priest-like, he never tells.
If Champ Clark told half that he
knows there would not remain more
than three or four friendships in the
House.

About every other member of the
House imagines that one or more of his
colleagues and committee associates is
keenly jealous of him and trying to
steal his stuff and grab his game gener-
ally. All such notions they carry to the
Speaker's private office and confide to
Champ Clark. And he is an excellent
man to confide things to, for it is just
like dropping a secret down a well. As
keeper of one's